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BRITISH MUSEUM 5 MA 70

A FEW FACTS ABOUT TRAMWAYS.

SEEING from various published remarks upon the subject, that the operation of Street Tramways is very imperfectly understood, the advocates for the system in this district desire to make the following simple statement of facts, with the view of aiding in the formation of a sound and correct PUBLIC OPINION upon the subject.

The Promoters of Street Tramways are prepared for opposition. It is the fate of every improvement to encounter it. Railways were denounced as "visionary." Towns which opposed the approach of them afterwards begged to have branch lines made to them.

The watermen opposed river steamboats. The introduction of gas lamps was opposed for fear we should be blown out of our beds.

But all these "dangerous innovations" have become accomplished facts.

Tramways have, in their turn, been opposed by a section of people in most places as they will be here. But they exist in scores of towns on the Continent, and especially in America. In no city which has possessed them would the inhabitants on any account consent to be deprived of them.

Manchester must not, and will not, lag behind all the chief cities in Christendom.

TRAMWAYS SAVE THE PUBLIC TIME.
TRAMWAYS INCREASE THE PUBLIC COMFORT.

The cause is assailed by the ugly charge of "MONOPOLY."

The supposition that the streets, or any portions of them, are intended to be "monopolised," is entirely fallacious. No body of persons could expect that any portion of the public highways would be given up for their exclusive benefit. The promoters of Tramway Bills do not deny that they expect to *share* in the general benefit arising from their adoption, by being enabled to save in horse power; but they do not seek this share at any body's cost. They contend that the public also will benefit in more than an equal degree.

The ownership of the street is not changed. Even the *use of the surface* is no more monopolised than it is by any cart or carriage passing any given point at any given moment of time.

The whole of the street between the rails, and the surface of the rails themselves, will be as much at the service of the public as at present.

The rails will be placed exactly level with the pavement, so that any vehicle can pass over or along them without the slightest hindrance.

Tramways must conduce to public convenience, for:—In the year 1868 the Tramways of Copenhagen carried over 4,000,000 fares; the population being 160,000 only.

In one year the Tramways of Philadelphia carried 30,000,000 fares.

In the year 1867, six of the street Tramways of New York and Brooklyn conveyed 78,000,000 passengers with 4,830 horses, whilst in London, the "General Omnibus Company" carried only half the number with the use of 6,677 horses. The population of New York is 2,000,000. That of London 3,000,000.

TRAMWAYS SAVE THE PUBLIC MONEY.

This is effected by the greatly reduced wear and tear of the street pavements, and consequently reduced pressure upon the Public Rates, as the pavement of that portion of road used by them is kept in repair at the cost of the Company, and the wear of the other portion is enormously reduced by the omnibus traffic abstracted from it.

The certificates of numerous Road Surveyors attest this fact; and it is matter of surprise that suburban road authorities, of all persons in the world, should oppose Tramways, for such a course is opposed to the interests and convenience of those they represent.

Powers are sought to lay down double lines only in cases where the streets are wide enough to leave clear room for a stream of ordinary traffic on *each side* of the street.

It is said that the streets in America are much wider than English streets. This is not the case. From a comparison of the streets of New York and Philadelphia, and other American cities, with our streets, it is found that America has no advantage over England in this respect.

Let Ratepayers ponder the following fact:—

"Whilst the carriages of the London General Omnibus Company passed over 13,000,000 miles of street, kept in repair by the authorities at the expense of the ratepayers, the carriages of the New York and Brooklyn street railways passed over 11,700,000 miles of street kept in repair at the expense of the companies."

WHY REFUSE A SIMILAR ADVANTAGE HERE?

RATEPAYERS,

do not be led by the blind prejudices of the few into opposing the real interests of this community! Examine these matters for yourselves, and you will find that every objection to this important social movement can be successfully repelled, and will feel it your duty to

SIGN THE PETITION

IN FAVOUR OF TRAMWAYS.

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A DRAMATIC MEDLEY.

IN commemoration of the various political and municipal elections and meetings which have taken place latterly in Manchester, it has been decided to give a grand dramatic entertainment, the principal characters to be sustained by artists of celebrity. Those performers who lately indulged in such magnificent flights of oratory in Ardwick Ward, have had conspicuous parts allotted to them. Sir Jos: will as usual act as prompter, and will also take part in the performance before the curtain. Through the courtesy of the Management, we have been favoured with a bill of the performance, which we have seen admirably rehearsed. The entertainments will consist of Shakespere's play of *As You Like It*, specially abridged and adapted, and a favourite farce.

AS YOU LIKE IT,

Condensed and slightly altered from the Poet's text.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke, living in exile .....Mr. Ald. B—n—tt.
Duke Frederick, usurper of the other's dominions .....Mr. Hurley Burley, M.P.
Jaques, attending on the exiled Duke .....Mr. Ald. R—n—y.
Le Beau, a courtier .....Sir Joseph, from the Theatre Royal, Windsor.
Charles, a wrestler.....Mr. Mitchell H—y, from the Theatre Royal, Woodstock.
Orlando .....Mr. M. P. Jacob, from the Theatre Royal, Westminster.
Adam .....Mr. Ald. Bacon, from the Theatre Royal, Beswick.
Touchstone .....Dr. P—k—t.
Rosalind (the female ideal) ....Miss Lydia E. B—k—r, from the Royal Grey-mare's—the better Horse Guards (Blue).
Celia, supporter of Rosalind and Orlando .....Miss Lily Maxwell.

SCENE I.—A polling booth. Enter Duc Frederick, Le Beau, Orlando, Charles, and others. Rosalind stands apart as Orlando's bottle-holder. Charles and Orlando wrestle. Charles is thrown, and borne out on a shutter. Exeunt all but Rosalind and Orlando.

ROSALIND.—Wear this for me. *(Invests him with a garter and shirt collar of that order, bearing motto—"Honey sweet Rai Lol-y-pops." Exit.)*

ORLANDO *(examining collar)*.—Dash my shirt buttons, they have all come off. I wonder if she could sew them on. *(Exit.)*

SCENE II.—Court yard at Macintosh and Co.'s works. Enter Rosalind and Celia, with petitions in favour of woman's suffrage.

ROSALIND.—Look, here comes the duke. *(Enter Duke Fred., with attendants.)*

DUKE FRED.—Mistress despatch you, with your safest haste,
And get you from our court. *(Exeunt omnes.)*

SCENE III.—The Forest of Ardwick. Enter Banished Duke and other Lords, in the dress of gardeners.

DUKE.—Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of hustings pomp.—
Sweet are the uses of perplexity,
Which, like a toady, oily and voluminous,
Has yet got precious little in his head.

SCENE IV.—Beswick. Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

ORLANDO.—Wherever have I got to? Who's there?

ADAM.—What! my young master! O, my gentle master,
O, my sweet masters—
O, what a Ward is that where all that's "ruffianly"
Envelopes him would represent it.

ORLANDO.—Thus must I from the smoke, into the smother,
Out of one mess, straightway into another.
But what's the matter?

ADAM.—I have five hundred flitches. Here is the bacon,
All this I give you; let me be your servant. *(Shows bacon.)*

ORLANDO.—Come thy ways, we'll go along together. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE V.—The Forest of Ardwick. Enter Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia, and Touchstone.

ROSALIND.—By Jupiter! How jolly are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE.—I care not for my spirits, if my voice were less dreary.

ROSALIND.—Well! This is the forest of Ardwick.

TOUCHSTONE.—Ay, now am I in Ard-wick, the more fool I;
But barristers must be content. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE VI.—Another part of the Forest. A table set out with sour grapes and some tremendous leeks. Enter banished Duke and Attendants.

DUKE.—Where is Rumn—?

PROMPTER *(behind, sharply)*.—Jaques, Jaques, Jaques.

DUKE.—Jaques, I mean, where's Jaques? Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

FIRST LORD.—He saves my labour by his own approach. *(Enter Jaques.)*

JAQUES.—A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
As I do live by drugs. I met a fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking at it with lack-lustre eye,
He very wisely hook'd it—like one o'clock. *(Enter Orlando, with his beard grown. Jaques picks up a leek.)*

ORLANDO.—Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES.—Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO.— Whate'er you are,
That in this Ward so irrepressible,
Within the reach of chemicals and smells
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have practised better ways,
If ever sat at one of Mayor Graves's feasts,
Or entertain'd the noble Salisbury,
Or visited the prodigal Khedive,
Or summon'd him to Chamber's Commerce chair;
If ever on the hustings made a speech,
If ever in your cheque-book sign'd a cheque,
And know what 'tis to shell out and to pay—
Fraternisation, let our watch-word be,
In the which cause, I'd sacrifice my beard.

DUKE.—Sit you down.

ORLANDO.—There is an Alderman, who after me
Hath limped many a weary step.

DUKE.—Go find him out. *(Exit Orlando.)*
This wide and universal Manchester
Presents more woeful odours, than the sweets
Of Araby the blest.

JAQUES.—All the town's a stench,
And all the men and women, merely smellers;
They have their cesspools and their sewerage,
And one man in his time smells many scents,
His smells filling seven pages. At first the Irwell
Slowly meandering, 'mid a thousand charms;
And then the Medlock, with its savours,
And slimy, greasy face, creeping like snails
And reptiles in a pool. Then the Black Brook,
Smelling like stink-pots, with a woeful present
Made to his mistress—Typhus. Then a boneworks,
Full of strange smells and deadly as a barb
Poison'd with venom, sudden and quick in action,
Spreading its fatal contagion

Even to Dean's and Canon's mouths. Then at Gaythorn,
The round gasometer, whence good stenches 'scape;
And so it plays its part. The sixth smell shifts
To Gorton and to Newton Heath,
Where, handkerchiefs to nose, men turn aside
From dyeworks, glue works, bone works, knackers' yards,
The Black Brook and the Irk. Last smell of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is steaming graveyards, and rank corruption
With fever, small pox, every mortal thing. *(Re-enter Orlando with Adam.)*

DUKE.—Welcome; now let us feed. *(Takes up an enormous leek and eats it. Adam shows bacon. Exeunt.)*

SCENE VII.—The Forest. Enter Rosalind reading a paper, and Touchstone.

ROSALIND.—Weaker sex hath stronger mind,
None gruel makes like Rosalind.
As scuds a ship before the wind,
So marching on keeps Rosalind.
Of man, the standard is the mind,
Greater soul hath Rosalind.
Reciprocity's a blind,
Whistle the fancy down the wind,
And raise the cry of Womankind.

TOUCHSTONE.—I'll rhyme you so eight years together.

ROSALIND.—Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE.—For a taste——
As captain of a trim three-decker,
Who could equal Lydia Becker?
Bob Lowe is Chancellor of Exchequer,
Better far would be Miss Becker.
Royal dame is Princess Teck, or
I'm a Dutchman, Vanderdecker.
Ladies, all keep up your pecker,
And rally round Miss Lydia Becker. *(Exeunt.)*

The entertainments will conclude with the popular farce, *Whom shall I Dine?* the principal characters by the Mayor of Manchester and the Town Clerk.

VOICES IN THE STREETS.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

LUBBERS AFLOAT.

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground.
THE TEMPEST.

"HOW go, Harry?"

"Tollol!"

"What d'ye say to a bitter?"

"All right."

"Come along! * * * Well; and where have you been? I've missed you on the Rialto this many a day."

"I've had a month in Ireland."

"Ireland! I wish I'd been with you!"

"I wish you had, Jack; I'm sure you would have liked it."

"Liked it! I love that Irish land, Harry! 'Green be thy fields, dearest isle of the ocean!'—

Wert thou all I could wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh, could I love thee more dearly than now?

"But you don't like sentiment. Hard work, cop bottoms, political economy, twenty shillings in the pound, a solemn Sunday, and as righteous a week as the exigencies of the day will allow; with a modest quencher now and then, to wash down the dust of business; these are thy gods, oh Henry! * * * So you had a jolly trip?"

"Jolly! I believe you, my boy! The passage was very rough; but we had a good deal of fun on board, in spite of the weather. A little knot of country folk, from Lancashire, went over with us; and most of them had never been upon the sea before. They were a sturdy, comfortable lot; and, when the boat started, they were about the jolliest souls on board; and they kept us all alive with their quaint talk, and hearty ways; but before we had got half-way across, they were all as sick as dogs, with one exception. One old fellow, "with a frame of three-score and a spirit of twenty," kept pacing the deck all the way, delighted with the storm. As the vessel pitched and rolled, he cried out, as he steadied himself upon his two round pins, "Woa, Dobbin! Thae's had to mich corn, owd crayter! Woigh, my lad! Gently does it! Thae'll waut (upset) th' whole consarn i' tho doesn't mind! Come; thae'll give o'er rompin' afore thae gets to th' fur-end!" And when the tail-end of a wave whisked across the deck, he ducked his head and cried, "Go it, owd brid; I'll howd thi jacket! I never see'd th' marrow to this i' my life! See yo, lads; I'm as weet as a wayter-dog! I don't care a hep! Fol-der-diddle ido! Eh, I wouldn't ha' missed this for a five-pound note! Look out,—it's comin' again! Blaze away; owd crayter; I'm noather sugar nor saut! By th' mon, this is a prime do! It mays (makes) my toes tingle!" And so he kept at it, all the way. But the rest of his companions were in a sad state. One old man, and his wife, were worse than anybody else. The old woman couldn't bide the atmosphere below; so she lay upon deck, wrapt in rugs and shawls, heaving, and moaning, and crying out, now and then, when she could get breath,—"Oh, I wish to the Lord that I were a-whoam! Eh, if ever I set feet upo' dry-lond again! This rollin' about 'll be th' end o' me! Look at my bits o' clooas! * * * Eh, whatever mun become o' yon childer, if aught happens me! * * * I say,——reitch——that thing,——I mun——Eh, dear o' me! * * * This mak (make, sort) o' wark doesn't agree wi' my inside! Oh,——I'm done for!" The old fellow who was pacing the deck, stopped, now and then, to hap her up, and to see if she wanted anything. "Now, Betty," said he, "how arto gettin' on? Keep thi heart up, owd lass!" "Eh, Joe," said she, "I haven't a bit o' heart laft in me! I'm as hollow as a drum!" "Well," said he, "thae mun bide as weel as thae con. It'll soon be o'er! We're gettin' nar (nearer) Paddy's lond every stride!" "Thank the Lord for that!" replied the old girl; "Thank the Lord for that! Ony mak o' lond afore this saut-wayter rantipow! Oh, that I were a-whoam! Reitch me that——. I shall be a bonny seet i'th mornin'! Eh, yon childer,—yon poor bits o' childer! * * * I say, Joe," "Now then!" "Wheer's our Sam?" "He lies of (on) his back down below, yon, as white as a sheet." "Go thi ways down to him, an' tell him I want to see him! Eh, Joe; I'm finished, this time! Tell him if he wants to see me alive he mun come this minute! We'n bin wed thirty year, thae knows, Joe! Eh, I mun see him! Joe; tell him I want to speigk (speak) to him about th' childer. Eh, I'm welly (well-nigh) done! I'll try to howd out till he comes; but I mun draw away afore aught's lung! I can feel it! Eh, I pritho (I pray thee), do goo; an' bring him up!" "May thisel' yezzy, lass (make thyself easy)," said Joe, happing her up again; "may thisel' yezzy; I'll fot (fetch) him up. Thae's have another look at th' owd lad, as how th' cat jumps!" And away went Joe, to find her husband, who lay down below, as ill as herself, moaning, and groaning. "Eh, lads," said he, speaking to the passengers near him, "Eh, lads; if I'd known o' this I'd ha' gone tother gate on! * * * * * Dry lond for my brass! * * * * This is a —— uncomfortable spree! I say, stewart; hond me that what-doesto-co' it! * * * * Oh, by th' mon, this is hard wark! Here, stewart; dosto yer, owd lad,—how lung will it tak us to get out o' this saut-wayter dooment, to a bit o' sensible floorin?" "Three hours." "Three hours! By th' mass, —I'll sign o'er! Ten minutes moor o' this mak, an' I'm done for! Hond me that——! Be sharp! * * * * Oh, owd lad! I may as weel begin a taperin' off! It's up wi' th' owd foo!" In the meantime, his friend, Joe, had left the deck, and coming to him, where he lay, he said, "Now, Sam, owd lad; how arto gettin' on?" "Gettin' on?" said he, panting for breath, "Eh, Joe; this is th' last time round! Th' gam's up, owd lad! I've tried mony a complaint i' my time, but this licks o'! Thae sees what a seet I am!" "Couldto like aught?" said Joe. "Like aught?" replied Sam; "ay; I could that." "Well; what is it?" said Joe. "A bit o' dry-lond, owd lad, if thae con shap it," replied Sam; "a bit o' dry-lond! I'd sooner have it nor (than) aught there is i' this hole! Eh, Joe; I'm o' of a wamble i' th' inside. I laft whoam for an out; an' if ever I get out o' this they'n never catch me here no moor!" "Well but," said Joe; "there's

yo'r Betty, up at th' top, yon; an' hoo's as nee stitched up as ever ony poor crayter were i' this world; an hoo says that if thae wants to see her alive thae mun goo, just meet now." "Oh," replied old Sam; "an' so I'm to goo just now, am I?" "Ay," said Joe; "thae mun goo this minute, if thae wants to see her afore hoo draws away,—thoose are my orders." "Oh,—an' hoo's ill, is hoo?" "Iil,—ay! I never see'd no poor soul sich a seet sin I were born." "Oh,—well,—go thi ways up again; and tell our Betty,—fro' me,—that as how ill ever hoo is I'm ten thousand times war (worse)! If hoo's for deein', hoo's like to dee. Hoo's olez (always) had her own road about things, so fur; an' hoo mun have it to th' end, for me. As for deein',—tell her I'm just at th' same bat mysel'; an' if hoo dees th' first, I's o'ertak her afore hoo gets so far. Now, off witho, an' tell her what I say; for I connot stir a peg off this clod. * * * An' here, Joe; dosto yer!" "Well." "I'll lev (leave) thee my spectacles, an' my snuff-box, an' ony odd thing 'at thae's a mind to pike (pick) for thisel'. An' I say,—thae knows, I like our Mary,—thae mun let her ha' th' hauve of every thing that there is,—brass, an' everything 'at hoo's a mind to choose; an' then divide th' tother amung th' childer, share an' share alike. An' then,—thae'll find a bit o' brass about our Betty an' me, at after we're gone. Well; get a saup o' summat warm among yo, wi' that, as soon as yo getten to dry land. * * * An', I say,—for the Lord's sake, dunnot let us be buried i' Irelan', owd lad! Thae'll see us takken whoam again; an' laid down amung er (our) own folk, winnot tho?" "Ay, I will!" "That'll do! Well; good day to tho, owd lad! Lap me up."

"Well, of course, the old folks landed all right; and, after a little rest, they were as merry as ever. But, I fell in with another Lancashire man, who was on his first trip to Dublin. We dined together in the city; and the story of his reception on landing, tickled my fancy a good deal. He was a strange mixture of shrewdness, simplicity, and humour; and——

"Stop, Harry; I'm due on 'Change. We'll have that after dinner."
"All right."

ARE ARTISTS THE ONLY JUDGES OF ART?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with considerable interest the notice in your last number of Mr. Rickards's collection of Watts's pictures. The writer evidently knows what he is writing about, and writes, as he takes good care to inform us in almost every paragraph, with the authority of a "professional artist." On the professional merits of the article I dare not venture a remark, but trust you will permit me to enter a mild protest against the tone of withering contempt in which your critic is pleased to refer to the thoughts and sayings on art matters of all who are only "amateurs," "non-professionals," or, as he observes with (for me) more novelty than force, "atechnics."

I will not trespass on your space with the multitude of reasons that might be brought against the exclusion of amateurs from art opinions. It would take up too many of your columns to relate even a few of the names and deeds of popes, kings, nobles, princes, and merchants, who in bygone times have not only fostered and revived, but in some cases even created a taste for art, and who have, further, thoroughly understood and loved it. Such a line of enquiry I commend to the notice of your critic, and beg him to carry it down to the moment when he stood in the room which "looked like a piece of the National Gallery," and then to ask himself if even such a collection as that before him could have been brought together by a "non-professional observer," who "would, no doubt, consider a certain picture to be the finest because it contained the greatest number of figures."

Again, your critic says of another picture: "Although one of the finest pictures in the room, it was not likely to interest any but artists." Oh! shades of the "amateurs" of Rome, of Florence, and of Venice; oh! ghosts of the "non-professional men" who, in all times and ages, have been found willing to sell their birthrights in the cause of art—rise up in judgment on this "artist" who makes the perpetrator of a shilling silhouette of more account than Lorenzo the Magnificent!

Were you ever, my dear *Sphinx*, present at a meeting of artists, and, if so, did it strike you how utterly destitute in unanimity of opinion such a meeting was, and how that there was a complete absence of agreement on even cardinal points? Such exhibitions of artistic infallibility have often afforded me much amusement, and the heretical thought has crept into my soul that the diploma for art-criticism should not depend *entirely* on the accident of occupying a "studio," and describing oneself as an artist in the census-tables.

Let it not be supposed that I for a moment dispute the just claims of professional men to the best average of judgment on art matters; but most cordially do I repudiate an assumption whose only logical issue must allow the architect to dictate the arrangement of our dwellings, and, to bring the matter to a homely conclusion, must instal the family butcher as the only person qualified to offer an opinion as to the merits of a beefsteak.—I am, dear *Sphinx*, yours truly,

ATECHNOS.

Brazenose Club, Feb. 15th, 1870.

THE BILLIARD MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SO William Cook *has* put that top stone on the pyramid of his fame! Billiard champion of the world, and not twenty-one. Cook has commenced life where others end; yet still the battle is all in front, and there is no time to sit down like Alexander and weep because there are no more worlds to conquer. There is something more difficult than winning the championship: *keeping it*. There are men pressing close in the rear, whom it will one day be difficult to keep from the front; and there are some doubtless who will try to snatch the laurel from Cook's brow, as he has snatched it from the brow of the elder Roberts. Yet there will never, perhaps, be a match so exciting and so brilliant as that which was played on Friday last, in St. James's Hall, London. The veteran champion, who had maintained the title for twenty years and had dotted his conquests over the world, and had beaten all comers, and had scored forty-seven years out of his three score and ten up, took off his coat that evening to measure cues with William Cook the younger, whom he had played before and beaten some months ago, but who since then had been rapidly increasing his speed in scoring, while John Roberts, senior, has been standing still.

For five hours the two competitors played, and for five hours a thousand eager faces watched them silently, yet with anxious eyes. Among the tiers of heads around that table there were those that knew the weight of coronets, and one that would some day wear a crown; peers and players; old betting men and young plungers; aristocratic youths who split their first cloth at college, and professional cueists who had grazed on short commons; artists and authors; patricians and plebeians; all elbowing each other in lines, heedless of caste or creed, heedless of everything save the movements of the players before them. Every face was turned towards that new green cloth, intently watching the exquisite skill of the performers, who stroke by stroke moved onward through the tens and hundreds that must be passed ere they could reach the goal which each strove to gain first.

The game was commenced at a quarter to eight by Roberts, who gave the usual miss in baulk, and was ended by Cook at twenty minutes to two, with a losing hazard that completed his twelve hundred, and gave him the lead of his opponent by a hundred and seventeen points. Roberts's largest breaks were 23, 37, 22, 34, 30, 23, 22, 26, 24, 62, 39, 31, 41. Cook's largest were 21, 38, 24, 22, 23, 28, 49, 44, 27, 80, 32, 63, 35, 31, and 68, with which latter break he ran out, and it was therefore not completed. At 517 both players were equal. At the interval (from 10-45 to 11-20) Cook was 625, Roberts 521. When the play was resumed the scoring was for some time very slow. Cook entered his ninth hundred when Roberts stood at 608, and at ten minutes to one he ran over the thousand, while Roberts was at 899. Then Cook for a time remained almost stationary, and Roberts rapidly ran his score over the thousand, and, amid the most intense excitement, passed Cook with a break of 41. At this point the champion and his friends became sanguine of success; but it was not to be. Cook immediately repassed him, reached 1,069, leading by twenty points; scored on to 1,110, leading by fifty-nine points, and from 1,132 he ran out, the winner of the Championship, the gold medal, the costly trophy presented by the three largest table makers in London, the hundreds of golden sou-

venirs, and the enthusiastic applause of the excited crowd. It was a proud moment for him, and apparently a sad one for the defeated veteran.

The game, as compared with those we have seen Cook play in Manchester, was not a brilliant one. Until the seventh hundred had been entered the largest breaks that had been made were one of forty-nine by Cook, and one of thirty-four by Roberts. The spot stroke was conspicuous by its absence. Both the old player and the young player knew that the narrower pockets and the position of the spot would necessitate the abandoning of the stroke that had made them both famous, and that their efforts must be confined to all-round play. Then, too, it followed, of course, that the smaller pockets increased the difficulty of making losing hazards, and therefore the only strokes that remained unaltered were cannons. Many who were present, besides the Prince of Wales, forgetting the new difficulties, expected to see greater things, and were disappointed. As it was, Cook scored his hundreds under the new conditions in half the time that ordinary players score theirs under the old; and although we think we have seen him play a better game, and many games in which he had more of what is known as luck, yet we still look back upon his performance as a very fine one. The moving of the spot and the narrowing of the pockets we consider a mistake. We have very few players who can repeat the spot stroke on any kind of table often enough to appear monotonous, and we therefore enirely disapprove of the rendering of the stroke almost impossible, as it undoubtedly is under the new arrangement. We have advocated counting two instead of three for a red winning hazard, and we advocate it still, believing that it would have the desired effect of directing the study less to the spot stroke, and more to all-round play.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE AT THE POST OFFICE.

ST. Valentine's Eve! The words have a romantic sound, have they not?—altogether suggestive of gushing tales of the loves of the farmer's son and the pretty but virtuous dairymaid of some thirty years back, in *The Keepsake* or *Friendship's Offering*, and now of the sentimental pages of *London Society*, with an illustration of the lover, in faultless evening costume, simpering in the conservatory over the object of his affections, who, in the lowest possible dress to have any "body" to it at all, is smelling *to* a camellia, while the dancers are seen in the distance, the gentlemen waltzing in that style which seems peculiar to illustrated periodicals—with their left arms round their partners' waists. We hope no one will form any expectations of this kind. We are sorry, but we can't gush. Neither are we learned about St. Valentine. We have even doubts whether he wasn't one of Mr. Mill's "persons." In *Valentine and Orson* it was "she," and most of us have seen Fraulein Tietjens as Valentine in the *Huguenots*. There does not appear to be any connection whatever between the saint and the Post Office, but it is nevertheless the fact that previous to the day which in the Calendar bears the name, it is still the practice, even more so than ever, to send letters and packets through the post—amatory, complimentary, and uncomplimentary, not to say abusive. Who filled the butchers' shops with large blue flies is now quite beside the question. The wonder is who fills the stationers' and many other shop windows with illustrated verses, on all manner of paper filagree work? That is, who causes them to be filled? What is the *causa causans?* We never received one, nor did we ever buy one; but somebody must buy them, we suppose, or there wouldn't be such an alarming eruption of them in the windows. Our usually serious and staid publisher caught the infection, and even the great Smith, W. H. and Sons of that ilk, abandoned railway literature, and quite dazzled the face of the Post Office clock, on the opposite side, with a display of hearts and darts and paper lace, of all shapes, sizes, and colours, and called his establishment for the nonce "Cupid's Depôt."

As it occurred to us that they would be sure to know something of the matter at the Post Office, we enquired there, and received a polite invitation to attend the Sunday evening service, a kind of first vespers of the festival, of which we availed ourself. Valentine's Day fell this year on a Monday, so that these outpourings of affection or otherwise must, to be delivered on that day, be posted the day before. Now many people, even of the kind who send valentines, having bought them on Saturday, would prefer, and as a matter of fact did prefer, to post them at once. Others waited till Sunday to do so; and others, upon whom the day came as a surprise, would dispatch theirs on Monday; and so the wind of valentines was tempered to the shorn lambs of the Post Office, and the enormous excess of letters usually confined to one day were spread over Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Those which came in on Saturday visibly swelled the numbers, but the Sunday letters came to grief in many ways. To begin with, there are no stamps procurable on a Sunday, and a letter, especially a complimentary one, arriving unstamped is suspiciously received, while an uncomplimentary one for which you pay double postage adds only injury to insult. As the receiving houses, too, are closed until shortly before six o'clock, the hour for collection, the slits and boxes were crammed at many places early in the day, and would admit no more. Many were posted unstamped. A still larger portion were posted insufficiently stamped, there being no facilities for weighing them, and would be, and indeed we saw were, taxed double the deficient postage. One clerk is generally sufficient to examine the unpaid and insufficiently paid letters, and mark or tax them with the double postage, but, on Sunday evening, no fewer than twelve clerks had as much as they could do to get through the taxing of the curious despatches which came hopping in from the Brown Street window and from the district and conntry offices.

The shapes and sizes were as remarkable as anything else. We saw all of them, from a pill-box to a flat case nearly three feet by two, and every size between, and at every price from an unpaid letter to one with three and sixpence worth of stamps on it. One case we saw, about a foot and a half square, was evidently a card-board box. It had about a dozen penny stamps on, and the stamper, in effacing the Queen's heads, had, without being able to avoid it, smashed the envelope, box-lid, and everything else in that corner, with the heavy blow that he must give on every individual stamp. The principal size, after that of the usual letter, was about that of one volume of a three-volume novel, either in an embossed envelope with a few inches in the middle for the address, or a card-board or paper box covered with letter paper. Many of the most ornamental outsides had the worst writing on the addresses, and one or two, of a scurrilous kind, were entirely open, with the bad language and abusive illustration on the front page and the address on the fly leaf.

Our readers will perhaps be surprised to learn that the number of extra letters that pass through the Manchester Post Office at this time is upwards of *one hundred and thirty thousand!* This year, as we said before, the number was spread over three days. But at other times they have to do it all in one day, and they somehow manage it with the ordinary staff. On Sunday evening, very nearly the whole strength of the establishment was at work, and we saw in two rooms close upon one hundred and twenty men, busy sorting, stamping, collecting, taxing, and doing all that work which the system requires to be done. The "screw" had evidently been put on, for besides the ordinary Sunday muster—a comparatively limited number—all the officials usually employed were there—money-order clerks and, in fact, everybody except telegraph clerks, who, from what we could learn, have not yet been thoroughly broken in and submitted to have G. P. O. written on their foreheads.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE PROPOSED NEW EXCHANGE.

AFTER a suspension of hostilities, extending over nearly two years, the battle of the Exchanges is about to be renewed, and this time in earnest. The old contention, it will be remembered, had reference partly to the inconvenient nature of the proposed new Royal Exchange, and partly to the question of the site. With the obstinacy for which the directors of the Royal Exchange are distinguished, the objections to the present site were wholly disregarded, and no modification of the slightest importance was made in the plans of their enlarged building. To quote a circular issued at the time, the directors, backed by the proprietors, refused "to accede to the request of the majority of their subscribers, namely, to abandon the shops, and devote the ground-floor of the new building to its legitimate use for the cotton trade of Lancashire;" and the nucleus of a committee, comprising eighty-eight

firms and individuals of great weight and influence, was accordingly formed to carry out the views of the opposition. Although this committee has been silent from that time until now, it has not been idle; and almost simultaneously with the completion of the edifice now rising in Market Street, it hopes to bring the question at issue to a practical test. A large plot of land has been purchased in Portland Street, and preparations for the erection of a temporary but commodious building will be commenced almost immediately. The plot, which is bounded by Portland Street, Chorlton Street, Sackville Street, and Silver Street, contains 3,000 square yards; the building will be on the ground floor, will have an elegant Gothic interior, and will be well-lighted all round. The architects are Messrs. Clegg and Knowles, and for a confessedly temporary work, the internal details appear to have been studied and wrought out with unusual care and completeness. For a time, the 3,000 yards' space now available—to say nothing of the merits as regards site, lightness, and convenience—will compare advantageously with the 3,800 yards alleged to be the dimensions of the portion of the Royal Exchange at present in progress of erection; whilst in view of the future, with the possible need for extension and the erection of a permanent building, the committee has at command another plot of land in the rear, of about equal extent to the one now in its possession. Altogether, the plan of the proposed "Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exchange" has gained rather than lost by the time and labour spent in maturing the details. The merits of the site, and the policy or otherwise of establishing two Exchanges, are questions which will receive sufficient discussion in future, and the commercial world will doubtless have arrived at something like a definite conclusion on those points before the date of the proposed opening of the new Exchange—namely, August next.

"CORIOLANUS" IN MANCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Speaking of Mr. Calvert's proposed revival of *Coriolanus*, in last Saturday's *Sphinx*, you say that, as far as you can ascertain, "the tragedy has never yet been played in Manchester—certainly not within the recollection of very old playgoers." Permit me to suggest that I think you would find, on further inquiry, that this play has been acted here in the elder Vandenhoff's time, he himself playing the chief character. Indeed (I won't speak with absolute certainty, however) I believe I have seen the tragedy played at the old Theatre Royal, with Vandenhoff as Coriolanus, and Barry Sullivan as Tullius Aufidius; the late excellent comedian, Mr. Basil Baker, having also a character in the play. Dramatic matters are treated so interestingly in the *Sphinx*, that I am sure you will be glad (if the information I venture to give is found to be correct) to let your dramatic readers be put right. All old playgoers in Manchester will be glad to have their memories refreshed by being reminded of Vandenhoff and Basil Baker.—Yours obediently,

Feb. 15, 1870. L. C. G.

Another correspondent, an eminent local artist, also states pretty confidently that he has seen Butler play the part of Coriolanus at the old theatre in Fountain Street. "L. C. G.," however, is surely in error about Mr. Barry Sullivan's appearance there. We hear with regret that the difficulties in the way of the presentation of *Coriolanus* will prevent its production at the Prince's Theatre, at least for a time; but this, we hope, may be regarded merely as a postponement, and, meantime, another Shakesperean play is to be placed upon the stage.

THE ATHENÆUM DINING ROOM.

We pity the new directorate of the Athenæum. Every member who patronizes the dining room, from the lordly buyer who regales himself on two courses and a half, with a small breakfast on the top of them, to the scrubs who make their mid-day meal on a cup of tea and an egg, continually assails every director personally, by deputy, by letter, by suggestion, by lampoon, by epigram, and by scornful contempt, on the subject of the management of the culinary department. The result is a new system of reform every three weeks and five-eighths. This time the improvements have begun with the linen and the bread, and will be found in time—we hope—to creep upwards. The main subject of complaint is that a large profit is worked out of the concern, whereas it strictly ought only to furnish luncheons, teas, and so forth, to members of the institution, at a price and in a quantity which will just cover expenses. The complaint seems legitimately grounded. As it is, the dining room is certainly comfortable, and the asylum it affords from the crowded and reeking restaurants of the less expensive class, are two points to the good in the eyes of quiet men. Various ponderous and healthy-looking individuals resort to it regularly. All that is wanted besides a cheaper diet is the notice:—"*Gentlemen* are particularly requested not to abuse the waitresses." The poor girls are nearly driven distracted by the one o'clock rush, and the bullyings which certain contemptible fellows choose to inflict on them, do not tend to allay their nervous excitement. If they *will* bully and hector, there are the directors, and what else are directors for but to be bullied?

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

MR. JOHN RUSKIN.

THERE is a story told of a gentleman farmer, not unaccustomed to the outsides of books, that he took down to his farm with immense gusto, Ruskin *On the Construction of Sheepfolds*. It was foreanent the lambing season, and our Bucolic wished to provide. His rage will be imagined by those who love to hug a book to read after dinner and to debate with an architectural author the proper form of some building. Ruskin's *Sheepfolds* is a pamphlet on the discipline of the Church! There are a thousand other ridiculous stories told. A person bought *Table Traits* to read as a cookery book; the *Gentle Life* was caught up as a disquisition on fishing, and a hunting man carried away the *Recreations of a Country Parson* as a work which should be full of delightful chapters on country sports, shooting, fishing, and fox-hunting. What more, bleated the poor deceived one, what other recreations can a country parson have?

But Ruskin's title will give one an insight into the man. Earnest, honest, full of love for his fellow-men, all that he does has some end in view, and this end is to make men better and wiser. We can well believe him when he writes:—"In these books of mine, their distinctive character, as essays on art, is their bringing everything to a root in a human passion and a human hope. Arising first, not in any desire to explain the principles of art, but in the endeavour to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been coloured throughout—nay continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken, *by digressions respecting social questions, which had for me an interest tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking.* Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some spiritual and vital fact."

Our readers will now see what Ruskin is, a great social and political writer, who has been turned for a moment, and by a generous impulse, to write upon Art. What he wrote he wrote well, from his soul, as so good and great a man must write; and even when generously he undertook the defence of that mean and selfish old genius, Turner, he did not wholly lose himself in his subject. Perhaps no one was more astonished than Turner at the turn things took. Here were the English, who are very ignorant of art, buying greasy, sticky, and dark old Masters, and worse, wretched copies from old Masters—things so black that one could not see. Ruskin, a young graduate, comes and waves his magician's pen in *Modern Painters*, and our newspaper critics, more ignorant even then than now, which is saying much, are converted, and the reign of modern art comes in. We begin to love daylight, real drawing, colour, light, cheerfulness; not fusty old saints, miserable friars, and impossible apotheoses of saints that never existed. And yet no one loves the old Masters more than Ruskin and ourselves—when they are Masters, look you! However, the reign of Turner and modern painters was established, and thousands upon thousands of pounds

were laid out upon English artists who, but for Ruskin, would have starved. As a rule, and we know them well, our more fashionable artists are an ill-read, unthinking, over-paid and over-praised set. Has any one of them ever thought of giving Ruskin a dinner, or subscribing to any testimonial for his gigantic work? Does Mr. Birket Foster believe that without Ruskin he would get three and four hundred pounds for those little bits of water colours? No; he would still be working on blocks of wood with a H.H.H. pencil. Do the pre-Raphaelites think that without him their angular drawings, flat painting, and want of atmosphere, would have become famous? If they do they are still conceited muffs. They have forgotten Perugino, Bartolomeo, and the rest of the old Italians, now that they have made their name—thanks to Ruskin. Thanks also to him for having improved the whole of our art and art knowledge. He is a great man; we hardly know how great yet.

Look at him at the Royal Institute. Leave Manchester by an early train, dine in London, and then, favoured by a Fellow, present your ticket to Ruskin's lecture. A long, thin, shambling gentleman, like a country clergyman, with hair red and after the 'pound of candles' style in its method of tumbling over his face; a Scotch face, full of shrewdness; very ugly if we believe some photographs, very winning, bright, and clever, nay sweet and charming, if we trust to George Richmond's portrait and to reality. The mouth is small, the nose somewhat retroussé, the forehead small, but so is the whole face; yet the head is capable, and the fiery soul seems to work upwards and flash out of the windows of those eyes as the eloquent words, hurried onward in a torrent, flash too, and light up whole tracks of darkness. A word, a hint, a slight reference to some gargoyle or spandril, some carved work in stone, and you see it all. A dry subject becomes luminous; the cold dead stones of Venice begin to move and raise themselves to life. After hearing Ruskin you understand how it was that Apollo made the stones dance and form in order to build Troy walls—which you never did before. But Ruskin has tried higher game than art.

Born in 1819, Ruskin is the son of a London wine merchant, who had the good sense to send his son to Oxford, where, at the age of twenty, he took the Newdegate Prize for English Poetry. This is worth while bearing in mind, for Ruskin's style is very flowing and buoyant, and full of poetic imagery of a high order. Then, taken with a love of art, the student, after taking his degree, studied under J. D. Harding and Copley Fielding, excellent artists, who have a great love of nature very apparent in their works. Having learnt to paint, to know what a palette is, what scumbling, what the difference between a tube of megilp and a tube of paint, and being indeed practically no fool of an artist, the graduate wrote a book to tell the world—which, Heaven knows, wanted it—something about art. The reception of his book *Modern Painters*, when first issued in 1843, was simply contemptuous. Art critics who have been admirably sketched by Thackeray as Fred Bayham, were ignorant reporters who did not know a mahl-stick from a walking cane, and who, in the plenitude of their ignorance, could not see that they were killed outright, run through the body, by Ruskin's rapier. A Turk had a scimitar so sharp that he used to pass it through a man's neck without hurting him. The victim used to grin with delighted surprise. "Sneeze," said the *Sabreur Turque*. The executed one did so, and his head rolled on the floor. Most of our stupid art critics are dead; some have exhibited the crick in their necks; but a great many of them have not yet sneezed, and go on writing about Parmegiano, Glaude, chiaro-oscuro, and the corregiosity of Corregio with distressing simplicity. Quietly and triumphantly *Modern Painters* made its way; a second edition was called for within a year; Turner was enthroned (poor mean old man, he had tumbled into decadence, painted pictures full of varied colours like a convalescent black eye, and still quoted his own MS. poem, the *Fallacies of Hope*), and the public's ideas of painters and painting was revolutionized.

The great writer—for style, and the style is the man; it is God's gift, as colour is to the painter—was then away to Italy studying. Mark this, not one step does Ruskin take without study. He records, in a simple unaffected way, a striking instance of this. "The winter," he says, "was spent mainly in trying to get at the mind of Titian; not a light winter's task; of which the issue, being in many ways very unexpected to me, necessitated my going in the spring to Berlin, to see Titian's portrait of Lavinia there, and to Dresden to see the Tribute Money, the elder Lavinia, and girl in white, with the flag fan. Another portrait, at Dresden, of a lady in a dress of rose and gold, by me unheard of before, and one of an admiral, at Munich, had like to have kept me in Germany all summer." So conscientiously does Mr. Ruskin work. In 1846, another volume of *Modern Painters* followed, and another was promised. In the interim he had been studying architecture, and we had his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, 1849; the *Stones of Venice*, 1851; and the second and third volumes of the same in 1853. All these were large volumes, *editions de luxe*, for Mr. Ruskin's fortune is a sufficient if not a very large one. He appears to have thought that only a large price would repay books of that character. Like Rogers' *Italy*, published at a heavy price, the works paid capitally.

We must now rapidly sketch the work of Ruskin, to show what he has done, and afterwards we will say a few words upon how he has done it. In 1851, Ruskin wrote in favour of the Pre-Raphaelites, a set of ardent and admirable young painters, whose forcible ignorance was needed to bring us back from the schools of Chalon and Collins, and the poor creatures who had given up their mean souls to the aristocracy and the *Book of Beauty*. All of the P. R. brethren have recanted practically; not one paints as he then painted, but infinitely better. In 1853, Ruskin lectured in Edinburgh on Pre-Raphaelitism and Gothic Architecture, and in 1854 he gave, in London, three lectures to working men on the Art of Illumination. He then advocated the sublime art of going backwards so that we might get more forward *reculer pour mieux sauter*. He had written for the *Quarterly* in 1847. In 1851 he issued his pamphlet on Church discipline—*The Construction of Sheepfolds;* in 1854 he wrote, on the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, anent the protection of Art Antiquities throughout Europe. For the Arundel Society he wrote a notice of Giotto and his works, and, in 1855, he showed the *Times* critic and others how to write, in his *Notes on the Academy Exhibition*. We have, besides, the *Two Paths*, the *Harbours of England*, the *Political Economy of Art*, and then the idea of Political Economy became strong upon him. *Unto this Last* were essays in the *Cornhill Magazine; Sesame and Lilies*, *The Ethics of Dust*, *Kings' Treasuries and Queens' Gardens*, and three lectures on *War*, *Commerce*, *and Work*, and afterwards *Letters to a Working Man*, which were first published in the *Manchester Examiner*, and which will sink deeper and deeper in men's minds, till they in some measure revolutionize our ideas of property.

For Ruskin's words are weighty, politico-social; Christian, and yet revolutionary. We who believe in Christ do not stand still; in word and deed we utter something for the sake of the brethren; we are on the hill top here in Eng-

land, but the light shines from other hill tops too. Let us explain ourselves. In *Unto this Last*, Ruskin had penetrated the fact that the terrible want and poverty, want of sweetness and light, is only to be remedied by more justice to the workman, by lifting him up and taking his children out of the dust. But how to do this? Leaving poetry, Ruskin here comes to common-sense, and puts down four axioms with, as he finely says, "a plausible idea at the root." They are (1): "That Labour should be considered as elevating. (2) That all Reform should be conducted in the spirit of love. (3) That all *workmen should be paid as soldiers are, regardless of excellence* or greater capacity of production; literally, as in the parable, 'unto this last.' And (4) One of the most important conditions for the establishment of a healthy system of Social Economy *would be the restraint of the properties and incomes of the upper classes beyond fixed limits*." Study that sentence, because its spirit is now abroad; if you have a right to divert the incomes of a church, *raison de plus*, therefore have you to meddle with the unearned wages of the rich. In Ruskin you will find the politics of the future of England, when Mr. Odger is M.P., and a few other working men are seated by his side.

For his style, we give but one example, a description of Verona, which, for the benefit of his hearers, he contrasted with Edinburgh when lecturing in that city:—

I remember a city, more nobly placed even than Edinburgh, which, instead of the valley now filled by lines of railroad, has a broad and rushing river of blue water sweeping through the heart of it; which, for the dark and solitary rock that bears your castle, has an amphitheatre of cliffs crested with cypresses and olive; which, for the two masses of Arthur's Seat and the ravages of the Pentlands, has a chain of blue mountains higher than the haughtiest peaks of the Highlands; and which, for the far-away Ben Ledi and Ben More, has the great central chain of the St. Gothard Alps; and yet, as you go out of the gates, and walk in the suburban streets of that city—I mean Verona—the eye never seeks to rest on that external scenery, however gorgeous; it does not look for the gaps between the houses; it may for a few moments follow the broken lines of the great Alpine battlements; but it is only where they form a background for other battlements, built by the hand of man. There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hill. The heart and eye have enough to do in the streets of the city itself; they are contented there; nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery, as if too savage and solitary, to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace walls that cast their shade upon the streets, and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow into the depth of the sky. That is a city to be proud of indeed.

Here is a writer after our own heart; no dreamer after Arthur and his knights, no searcher after Holy Grails, no petty describer of sensation trials for murder or adultery, no mere painter of comic people who never existed, of "character" which boils and bubbles only in his own too humourous brain. For while Rnskin tells us of Function, be sure that he honours the function of the writer, and that is *not* merely to distract nor to amuse, not to take us now to Thebes, now to Athens, as Horace has it, to make us weep, laugh, or creep all over at mere ghosts—no, ten thousand times No! It is—this noble function of a writer which John Ruskin has nobly discharged—to bind our hearts closer to our brothers, and to lift our souls nearer unto God!

THE GREEK ARCHBISHOP IN MANCHESTER.

CANST thou speak Greek? was asked in wonderment of a common-looking person, at a time when Greek was the language of the travelled and educated classes, the ordinary speech bearing much the same relation to Hebrew, the ancient tongue, as pigeon-English does to Chinese. We have always preserved some slight remembrance of the Greek of our school-days, though we looked on it at that time as a literary language merely, and never thought to have heard it spoken; for the keen eyes and sharply-cut features of those now settled near Albert Square were then seldom if ever seen. Since then, when we have met the modern representatives of the Achaian League at the Restaurant or in the Coffee-room of the period, and have listened to their talk—for no one, we think, would call them a silent race—we have been forced to come to the conclusion that either we had been wrongly taught, or that they didn't speak their own language properly, or were using some other, for we couldn't make out a word. Perhaps they didn't intend we should, but that's another matter.

Finding that the Greek Archbishop, who has for some time past been received everywhere with such marks of distinction, and has been even taken to see the god of our idolatry, the People's William, felling timber, was on a visit at that Lancashire Athens, Higher Broughton, and was announced to preach, we determined to make one of the congregation. We had never been at the new Greek Church, nor, indeed, at any service of the Eastern Church, and we had some doubts whether we should be allowed to go in. But we brushed our beard into what we considered a foreign style, and smoked, with some difficulty, several cigarettes of Turkish tobacco, so as to acquire the necessary perfume, and we were soon mounting to Higher Broughton. Though the road may be well enough at other seasons, it requires a good pull to get up it when you have a strong breeze in your face and the snow whirling in a dazzling manner about you, but we reached the Church at last.

Passing through a lofty porch, we came to a double door, the upper part of plate-glass, which looked more like the entrance to the private offices of some railway or insurance magnate than to a church. Looking through the glass we were suddenly aware of another face—a large, good-humoured countenance, with a small, grizzled moustache—peering back at us at the distance of a very few inches on the other side. The owner of the face softly opened the door for us, and we soon stood in a broad cross lobby, well lighted and carpeted. On our asking if the service had been begun, he silently opened a swing door nearly opposite, and ushered us in to the church. We saw in a moment the Archbishop, and, by degrees, took notice of our surroundings. The church consists of a nave, with a high, slightly-coved ceiling, supported by pillars, which divide it from the aisles, which have a lower flat roof. A high permanent screen of white and gold, reaching nearly to the ceiling, shuts off what we should call the chancel, and you see nothing of it except through an arched doorway, through which is seen the altar. Resting on it, or close at the back, is a flat gilt cross, with the Figure, not in relief as on an ordinary crucifix, but painted on. There were several candles lighted on the altar. There was evidently something behind the altar like a reredos, but we were unable to make out what it was. Behind this again there was a considerable space, but whether it contained anything or was used as a vestiary, we couldn't discover. There were high polished mahogany pews in the aisles, without seats, divided into spaces for their several occupants, and the tops broad and polished, for the elbows to rest on; and the nave was an open space, carpeted, but without pews or seats of any kind, except a few chairs at the entrance or west end. The people were all standing around—the ladies and little girls on the (conventional) southern side, and the gentlemen and boys on the north. Indeed, sitting seems discouraged, to say the least of it, and as to kneeling, there is about as little of it as there is amongst an ordinary low-church congregation, for as with the Scotch, standing is the prescribed attitude during prayer. The Archbishop occupied a throne raised several steps, enclosed and canopied with crimson velvet, adorned with gilt ornaments and gold lace, and bearing a gilt cross. To his left hand stood his chaplain, supporting the crosier.

The service had been begun before our arrival, and we found the Archbishop deep in his sermon. He is about six feet we should fancy, sallow, wears spectacles, and has a thinly-growing beard and moustache. He stood on the upper step of the throne, and preached, in Greek of course, in a clear, almost sweet voice, with great distinctness of articulation and plain natural intonation, and with just a little of that gesture and movement of the arms that seems so natural to every people but the Teutonic and English. He wore a long robe of puce-coloured silk, with squares and bars of embroidered work, over his black cassock, and a round cap with flat crown, and a black veil hanging from it on to his shoulders. We could do no more than catch a word here and there of what was said, but this we could do, and we felt it a pleasure to hear such a language spoken in such a manner, by a person high in the ranks of his adopted profession, and distinguished by those qualities which

culture lends to talent and natural graces. The discourse, which was listened to by all with breathless interest, was, as we afterwards learned from one of the congregation, a short summary of the lives and good works of the three great Fathers, St. Basil, St. Gregory Theologos, and St. John Chrysostom, who were, according to ancient practice, commemorated on that day; with suggestions for the imitation of their excellence and virtues. St. Basil, if we mistake not, has been generally regarded as the last of the greater saints; St. Gregory is probably he of Nyssa, the foe of Arianism; and the third, the Golden-mouthed, is the only saint of any kind whose name has been honoured by being inserted in the "Order for Morning Prayer daily throughout the year" in the English Church—a fact which we commend to the notice of the Southport clergy, particularly the last four words of our quotation. Dr. Moro stood during the whole of the sermon at the chancel entrance, in shining raiment of gold tissue, and beamed approval from every feature. His face alone would induce us to take sittings in his church if there were any. Sermon being over, the rite of the Holy Communion, or the Mass, or whatever is the proper term in the Eastern Church for an analogous service, followed, Dr. Moro being the celebrant, assisted by another of the clergy. At various stages of this service the entrance to the chancel was closed by low ornamental gates, and a purple curtain drawn over the upper part, and soon after opened again. The Archbishop and his chaplain occasionally added their voices to the chanted versicles. The celebrant and deacon issued from the chancel, bearing the Oblation in both kinds, and presented them to the Archbishop, who descended from the throne, uncovered his head, and bowed humbly before them. After the Liturgy was said, the Archbishop's chaplain brought several portions of the blessed bread, divided like the bread used in the English Communion office, but not, as we understand, the same as that used in the Holy Sacrifice. This was distributed by him, first to the men, then to the boys, and afterwards to the women and girls. There was no other music than the chanting and intoning of the service. In this several of the clergy took part together at times, and, as they did not seem to have previously agreed what to sing or how to sing it, and yet insisted on singing something somehow, the effect was, to put it mildly, *not* musical. The Archiepiscopal voice came in sweetly enough now and then, but it failed to moderate the rancour of their tongues in any perceptible degree. On other occasions there is a regular choir, with singing after the Western fashion, but this service, we were told, was more exclusively after the Eastern style. We should think music was not a specialité of the wise men there, whatever else they may be great in.

On the side walls of the church are oil paintings, by C. A. Duval, of the four Evangelists, and the panels of the chancel screen are adorned in a similar manner. The church is beautifully fitted up; everything is most excellent of its kind in quality and workmanship. Several monster wax tapers were burning between the throne and the chancel, and two large gilt chandeliers, holding 46 candles each, lighted the church from above. The floor is covered with excellent Brussels carpet. No expense appears to have been spared in making the place as perfect as possible; in fact, it looks as if they would be glad if anyone would show them how they could spend a few more £50 notes on it. They have evidently determined not to offer to the Lord that which doth cost them nothing. To be sure, it is the only church here of a community not large, but possessing in the aggregate great wealth, and united in professing one creed; but it does credit to those by whom it has been built and is maintained.

On Sunday, we went to Evensong at St. Alban's, Cheetwood, to have another look at his Grace. Several clergy from the neighbouring churches were present, and took part in the service. Archdeacon and Canon Durnford preached the sermon, on the duty of preserving the Faith of the Church, remarking on the courage and constancy with which this had been done by the Eastern Church, one of whose most distinguished members was present, although that church had many hundred years toiled under the Mahometan yoke, and had not only not received any sympathy or assistance from the sister church at Rome, but, on the contrary, had been treated by her with oppression and wrong. He would therefore welcome the Greek Archbishop and the clergy with him, in the name and on behalf of the congregation. This he proceeded to do by turning towards the Archbishop and addressing him to that effect in Greek with a modern accent, to which the Archbishop, who occupied an extempore throne near the altar, bowed and smiled his thanks by way of reply.

We have read with the greatest interest the accounts of the cordial reception which the Archbishop has everywhere met with during his visit to this country, and we feel sure his visit to Manchester has been the source of no little gratification to many others besides his own spiritual subjects, the Greek community here. We have long had too much insularity about us, and because we have, as a country, advanced in material wealth, we have been far too content to

> sit like gods together,
> Careless of mankind!

The ancient examples of Greek patriotism and courage have nobly animated our forefathers in acquiring that liberty which we possess as an inheritance from them; some of the oldest Greek writers and poets are still the study of our schools; the latest Revelation of the mysteries of Heaven was first conveyed to us in their language; and we may be proud to claim, as St. Paul did, kinship with them, in the words of their own poet—

> For we also are His offspring.

THE SUNDAY BELLS.

IS there any urgent or valid reason why the church bells in Manchester should be rung as often and as long as they are on Sundays? We presume that church bells were originally established in sparsely-populated districts, to summon the inhabitants, many of whom possibly had no other means of knowing the time, to public worship. In Manchester and Salford, we venture to say that nobody is drawn to church by the ringing of bells, and that everyone could find their way there at the proper time, quite as well without the aid of these noisy instruments. In chapels, where there are no bells, the attendance is quite as good, if not better, and also as punctual, as at many churches, where the bells keep up an incessant clang-clanging, to the annoyance and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood and the bodily suffering of invalids. We do not propose to abolish Sunday bell-ringing altogether, and in rural districts no doubt the practice is useful and appropriate, but in a city like Manchester the custom might be modified with much comfort and advantage to the public. A musical peal of bells, heard at some distance, is a concord of sweet sounds, but the everlasting clang, clang, clang, of discordant bells, "jangled, out of tune, and harsh," is horrible, and totally subversive of a due appreciation and observance of the day of rest. Why not confine the ringing of bells to those churches which possess peals? The Cathedral bells and those of the Holy Trinity, Saint Thomas's, Pendleton, Sacred Trinity, and others, are heard all over the city.

Let us take an instance of the nuisance from one particular neighbourhood, and which could be easily paralleled in any other quarter of the town. In Broughton, on Sundays, the loud dismal bell of Saint John's commences ringing in the morning at eight o'clock, and rings for some time. This is followed by the abominable clanging of what Mr. Mantilini called "the confounded tinkling of that old tea-kettle of a bell," belonging to the auxiliary Church of the Ascension. At ten o'clock Saint John's loud thunder re-commences, and lasts for half an hour. Again the Ascension bell "takes up the wondrous" toll, and is accompanied by Saint Simon's, Saint Matthias's, Saint Philip's, the Pendleton and Cathedral bells (quite distinctly heard), and others. When they have ceased, the bell of St. John's Roman Catholic Church begins to toll, and this lasts until eleven. The effect of all this noise is most injurious to people in delicate health, and to many others who are quite robust. One would think that what we have described would be considered enough for one day. No such thing. Just as you may be composing yourself for some quiet reading, writing, or conversation with your family, after an early Sunday dinner, the odious noise begins again. At twenty minutes after two, the Ascension tea kettle re-commences, and has a good spell by itself. At three, Saint John's sets to work for a good half-hour, followed once more by its auxiliary below, and most of the other bells already mentioned are in full vigour. After this, there is an interval until six o'clock, when the din once more begins and continues for another half-hour, and the Cathedral bells keep it up until seven o'clock.

In the name of common sense, is there any necessity for all this commotion? It looks almost as if there existed some rivalry and competition among the churches, and reminds one of the clowns at Knot Mill Fair, ringing hand-bells, and endeavouring to drown each other's noise. If the bells must be rung, surely five minutes before each service might suffice. We repeat that the clamour and incessant din inflict bodily pain of the most acute kind upon people suffering from gout, neuralgia, head-aches, and nervous affections. Where is the consistency of causing and increasing the pangs of human suffering, and then going to the sanctuary, and offering up supplications "for all sick persons?" The new Bishop, Dr. Fraser, is said to be a man of understanding. We hope he will lighten our darkness, and "silence that dreadful bell."

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—In fairness, I think I have a right to demand the insertion of the enclosed reply to your article of last week on "Deserted Churches."—Yours,

P. BALL,

The Senior Warden of St. George's.
613, Rochdale Road.

"DESERTED CHURCHES."

Under this title appeared an article in the *Sphinx* of Saturday, February 12th. The deserted church under consideration was St. George's, Rochdale Road. We venture to point out what appear to be errors:—

1.—The remarks about the sermon are essentially untrue. It did not consist of "sound and fury." To the rector of St. George's this never was, and, we believe, never will be applicable. Whatever enemies may have said at different times of him, all have admitted that as a master of really effective and monosyllabic eloquence, he has very few if any equals in Manchester. It is hardly fair to give the names of those who, from time to time, have borne testimony to this fact; but if it be worth the contributors' while to enquire into the matter fairly, the senior warden of St. George's would be very glad to facilitate the enquiry. Surely it can hardly be proof that the rector himself did not know what he was driving at, because the critic was "all abroad." The ten minutes or quarter of an hour to which the rector confined his "sermon," is surely worth imitation in more aristocratic places.

2.—The hymns quoted by the rector are never doggrel, for the simple reason that, not only is he a man of superior attainments, but of undoubted literary taste. Unless we affirm that Doddridge, Lyte, and Toplady, have, in their most popular hymns, written doggrel, the charge is untrue as it is ridiculous.

3.—The rector does contribute from his income for church and charitable objects to the extent of about £80 per annum; although, for many years he did not receive a total income of £40 from the church. Is it kind or just to insinuate the contrary?

Two circumstances may be mentioned as worthy of note. A considerable number of persons habitually attend the sacrament, to whom the rector's sermon on Sunday was not "sound and fury." Even on that very day of the visit, more persons attended the sacrament than he makes out attended the service. Our collections, in proportion to congregation, are really wonderful.

Besides these facts there is, in connection with St. George's, and identified with the work of the parish, a staff of educated young men of admitted standing and ability, who cannot be made to confound good sermons with bad. And there are respectable members of the congregation who have attended the church for half a century, when it was crowded with an aristocratic congregation,

It is admitted that the church is too large—that the "three decker" is too substantial—that the curate is not nglish—that it takes about £10 to £12 per annum to keep the window-frames whole—that no police officer ever casts his shadow upon it—that it is upon the margin of a brickcroft—that the pews are somewhat old-fashioned—but no one can deny remarkable gifts to the rector of St. George's, who, in his palmy days, was the most popular man in Manchester.

[We have omitted one or two personal remarks. ED.]

Horace Walpole tells a story of a Lord Mayor of London in his time, who, having heard that a friend had the small-pox twice, and died of it, asked if he died the first time or second.

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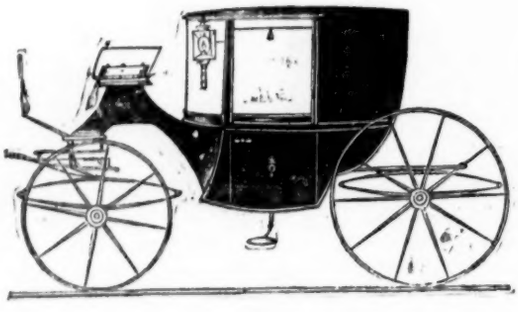

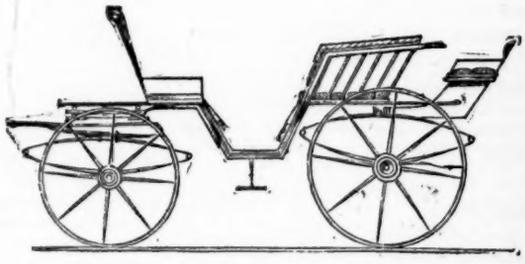

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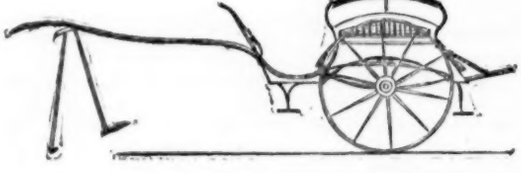

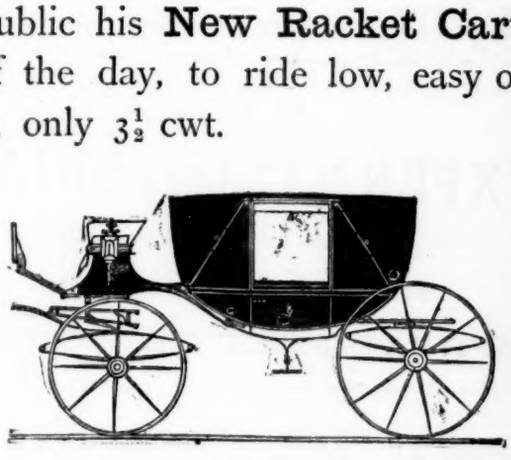

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SHAKESPEREAN QUOTATIONS.

At least half our popular quotations are from Shakespere; and perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that of the Shakesperean popular lines half are from *Hamlet*. Mr. Tomlins used to tell an amusing anecdote *apropos* of this. During the run of Fechter's impersonation of the Danish Prince at the Lyceum, two languid swells, who were evidently quite in the dark about Shakespere, occupied seats in the stalls. Having yawned through three acts, they exchanged views on the drama. "Haw—how d'ye like it?" one asked. "Not bad," drawled the other. "No! but—haw!—dooced full of quotations ain't it?" Shakespere's want of originality has seldom been more *naïvely* commented upon.

Experience shows that there is hardly any phase of life, any modern invention even, to which the great poet's words are not applicable. This has been very aptly illustrated by an anecdote. A stranger at a club demurred to the assertion of an enthusiast that Shakespere had anticipated the resources of our age so far as poetical description went. "How about the treadmill?" he asked, triumphantly. "In what words would you describe the feelings of a man sentenced to turn upon that?"—"Nothing easier," was the rejoinder. "Lear might have had it in mind when he said,—

'Down, down, thou climbing sorrow!'"

A good instance of epigrammatic quotation is recorded of Hamilton Reynolds, well known as possessing, among other acquirements, an exceptionally great acquaintance with Shakespere's works. He was present at Gore House one evening among a number of distinguished men; and as the Countess of Blessington saw him to the door on his departure, she said, "I understand, Mr. Reynolds, that you enjoy the reputation of being able to give a Shakesperean *mot* suitable to every occasion. Come—what have you to say now?"—"Madam," replied Reynolds, without a moment's hesitation, "I take my leave

'Under the shade of melancholy *boughs*.'"

He bowed profoundly as he spoke, and went.

Perhaps the happiest quotation on record is ascribed to Lord Brougham. In the trial of Queen Caroline it was a curious and significant fact that no prosecutor appeared; and it became most important to show that the king was the real plaintiff. Questions to witnesses bearing on that point were objected to, and Brougham, in a memorable outburst, indignantly protested against this, urging that, for all he could tell, the prosecution might suddenly vanish into thin air, since he knew not under what shape it existed,—

"If shape it might be called, that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,—
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd;
For each seem'd either,—what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

The effect of this quotation, apparently so spontaneously conjured up in the memory of the speaker, yet so singularly apposite, was electrical.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—C. S.; Hypercritic.

YOURS, in a letter as acute as it is polite, while agreeing with our estimate of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, suggests that the "Barabbas" mentioned by that author is the hero of Marlowe's very melodramatic tragedy *The Rich Jew of Malta*. We give Mr. Dixon the benefit of the doubt, but are sorry that writers do not give a clearer reference. The Jew of Malta is known as Marlowe's Barabbas.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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